And called it Ruge-mount, at which name *I* ſtarted,
Becauſe a *Bard* of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not liue long after *I* ſaw Richmond.

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a cloke?

Buc. *I* am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promiſde me.

King. Well, but whats a cloke?

Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of ten.

King. Well, let it ſtrike.

Buc. Why let it ſtrike?

King. Becauſe that like a *Iacke* thou keepeſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will, or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made *I* him king for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The moſt arch act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom *I* did ſubborne
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and kind compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their death ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth Dighton laie thoſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth Forreſt girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forreſt almoſt changd my minde,
But O the diuell: there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt Dighton thus told on we ſmothered

The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of
That from the prime creation euer he
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left th
To bring this tydings to the bloody k

Enter king Richard

And here he comes. All haile my ſoue

King. Kind Tirrell, am *I* happy in t

Tir. *I* to haue done the thing you g
Beget your happineſſe, be happie ther
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?

Tir The Chaplaine of the *Tower* h
But how, or in what place *I* do not kn

King. Come to me *Tirrell* ſoone at
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of the
Meane time but thinke how *I* may d
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till ſoone.

The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp
His daughter meanly haue *I* matcht i
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abr
And Anne my wife hath bid the wor
Now for I know the Brittaine Richm
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daug
And by that knot lookes proudly or
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer.

Cat. My Lord.

Kin. Good newes or bad, that thou c

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled
And *Buckingham* backt with the har
Is in the field, and ſtill his power enc

Kin. Ely with Richmond troubles
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuie
Come, *I* haue heard that fearfull comm
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute